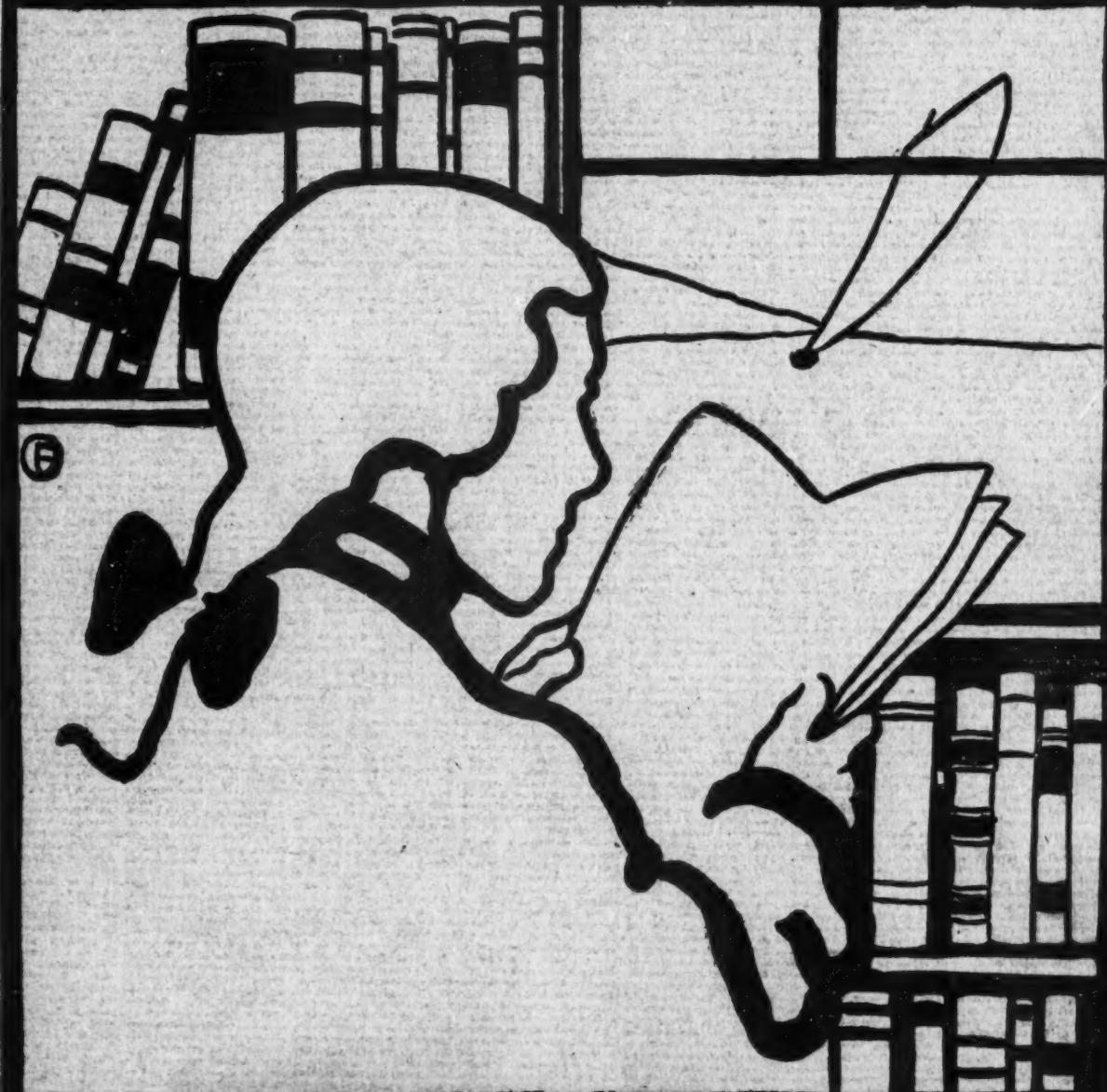


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WITH TOURIST SUPPLEMENT.

JUNE 7, 1902.

The Academy



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The Literary Week.

THE signing of Peace has been received in comparative silence by the established poets. Mr. Francis Thompson contributed an ode to the *Daily Chronicle*, and the occasional poets of the daily papers were ready with their trifles; but the Poet Laureate was dumb, and neither Mr. Kipling, Mr. Watson, nor Mr. Phillips lifted up their voices. We, ourselves, were a little surprised not to receive any poetical offerings on the subject, although since last Monday we have been offered three poems on June, and an ode of several pages on September.

A COUNTRY correspondent tells us that the end of the war was announced to him by a servant in the following quaint terms: "Oh, sir, the bells has been ringing all night, and the war's at peace." Many country-dwellers who went to bed reasonably early on Sunday night were awoken by unexpected bells. One of the quietest villages in Surrey was flooded with chimes at eleven o'clock at night. Indeed, it may be said that peace, in this instance, more than war, "startled the villages with strange alarms."

QUAINT utterances about Peace are not limited to servant girls or to the kind of labourer who, the *Pall Mall Gazette* tells us, greeted the news with the question: "Aw, and which side's won?" Senator Hoar, whose

oratory is famed on both sides of the Atlantic, made a curious slip the other day when he began a speech in the Senate, at Washington, with the remark: "The country is in a condition of profound peace as well as of unexampled prosperity. For us the Temple of Janus is open. The world is in profound peace, except in one quarter, in South Africa." Now that peace exists in South Africa it is doubly worth while to point out that Senator Hoar has reversed tradition. The doors of the Roman temple were open in time of war, shut in time of peace.

THERE are signs that the Coronation will produce an abundant harvest of poetry. For the occasion Mr. William Watson has written the longest poem since his early work, *The Prince's Quest*. It will be called *Ode on the Day of the Coronation of King Edward VII.*

PROF. WILLIAM JAMES of Harvard who, we are glad to hear, has recovered from the serious illness that overtook him when he was staying with his brother, Mr. Henry James, in this country last year, is about to publish an important work through Messrs. Longmans. It will be called *The Varieties of Religious Experience: A Study in Human Nature*. The volume embodies the Gifford lectures on Natural Religion delivered by Prof. James at Edinburgh in 1901 and 1902.

PREPARATIONS are being made for a biography of the late Francis Hindes Groome. The work of collecting material and dealing with the life and work of the distinguished Romany authority is in the hands of an old friend of Groome's who shared his interest in Gypsy lore. The Edinburgh colleagues of the late Mr. Groome will render assistance, and there is a likelihood that Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton will contribute an Introduction to the memoir.

MR. T. W. H. CROSLAND writes: "With reference to your paragraph about *The Unspeakable Scot* will you allow me to say that the book has not only reached the prospectus stage, but is already completed and in type. It was to have been issued from the press on the 10th of June, but I came to the conclusion that it would be a pity to set two nations by the ears at the Coronation time, and its issue has consequently been deferred until July 8th, when it will appear simultaneously in England and America." Mr. Crosland's forbearance is beyond praise. We wait for the red dawn of July 8.

"In the ACADEMY two weeks ago," writes "W. E. H.," "some one asked who wrote the poem beginning 'What Ho! My Fancy!' No one seems to have answered the question; so now I send a line to say that the verses—very charming verses they are—were written by Mr. Charles Gulland, still, happily, living in the shadow of the royal Palace of Falkland."

7 June, 1902.

MATTHEW ARNOLD's first excursion in literature was "Alaric at Rome," a prize poem written in his nineteenth year, and recited at Rugby school on June 12, 1840. It was printed, on eleven pages, by Combe and Crossley, Rugby, in 1840, and until recently one copy only, that in the library of Mr. Edmund Gosse, was known. A second, in original pink printed paper, bearing the name "H. Davies, 1840," realised £50 on Wednesday in Wellington Street, or equivalent to about fifteen times its weight in sovereigns.

SOME months ago the British Museum became possessed of a fine series of water-colour drawings by John Sell Cotman, of the Norwich School. We understand that preparations are in progress for exhibiting these drawings during the coming winter.

FROM time to time we hear of some melancholy connection between great literature and petty larceny. Such a case is brought to the public notice by Mrs. Lewis in the *Expository Times*. Leaf 101 of the Lewis Syriac palimpsest has disappeared from the library of the monastery on Mount Sinai. Mrs. Lewis gives a facsimile of it, and says that she missed it at Mount Sinai last February, but the monks had already discovered their loss:—

I was informed that a party of several scholars had worked for some time at that MS. during the course of last summer; and it is safe to suppose that a fair number of passing travellers had been permitted not only to look at it, but also to handle it. My surmise is that one of these latter, wishing to make an addition to his own collection of curios, had slipped the leaf between the pages of a book, in the fond belief that it would never be missed. . . . The man who knowingly injures a fourteenth-century codex of the gospels commits an act of sacrilege.

Mrs. Lewis wishes the purloiner to return the lost leaf to her, in which case it will be replaced in the codex and no questions will be asked.

No date has yet been fixed for the production of the four-act play on the subject of *King Arthur*, which Mr. Lewis Waller has accepted from Mr. F. B. Money Coutts. The play, which opens in the Hall of Camelot, is essentially an acting drama. It moves briskly, and gives many fine opportunities for acting and stage pictures.

An example of the Dedication Mysterious is that which Mr. Wilfrid Sparrow prefixes to his *Persian Children of the Royal Family* just issued by Mr. Lane:

To a FLOWER that bloomed in the NIGHT, and to many Happy Returns of the DAY that Followed.

A prettily cryptic way of dedicating a book to a child, is it not? For so—in default of a better explanation—we interpret the words. By the way, Mr. Sparrow's title should surely have been *Children of the Persian Royal Family*.

We little thought when we published "Jackdaw's" letter on the sources from which Poe obtained his idea of "The Raven," that it would inspire so many correspondents to write to us on the subject. The discussion must end now, but we will find room for one passage from Mr. Storey's final letter. "My former letter," says Mr. Storey, "was intended to provoke just such a reply as Mr. O'Sullivan has made—a reply that is as sensible, critical, and conclusive as a brief letter can be. Certainly I am not one of the assiduous gentlemen who are so anxious to prove that Poe did not write what he said he did. I believe that Poe wrote 'The Raven'!—that is my poetical creed. He wrote 'To Helen,' and no one can deny his capacity to write 'The Raven.' He wrote 'The Philosophy of Composition,' and the man who did that could have done anything."

WE must also find room for a note from Father Tabb, which has come all the way from Ellicott City, Maryland: "As to 'The Raven,' it has been sometimes asserted that Poe stole it from Pike. If so, *The Independent* of New York once published my explanation of it:—

If Poe from Pike 'The Raven' stole,
As his accusers say,
Then, to embody Adam's soul,
God plagiarised the clay."

In looking through a recent issue of the *Revue de Paris* which contains the full text of Maeterlinck's new play, "Monna Vanna," we have been impressed by the proportion of space allotted to imaginative literature in this leading French review. Of the eight items constituting the number, four are imaginative, two deal directly with literature, one is scientific, and the eighth South African. Two-thirds of the entire contents are either drama or fiction, and over three-fourths have to do with literature. Now the *Revue de Paris* occupies a middle place among its competitors. It avoids the tradition of ponderosity so long and so ably carried on by Madame Adam, and it equally avoids the elusive and unsatisfying knicknackery affected by the dandies of the *Mercure de France*. It is progressive without being flighty, and it may be accepted as representative of the best opinion. Roughly comparing, you may call it the *Fortnightly* (it happens to be a real "fortnightly") of Paris. In contrast to it, take the current London *Fortnightly*, of which only one-sixth of the whole is given to imaginative literature (the greater part of this sixth being a fanciful play by the editor); little more than a fifth touches literature all. Even Mr. George Gissing's "An Author at Grass," of which Part I. appeared in May, seems to have mysteriously trickled underground and is beheld no more. Apart from such accidents as Coronation odes, the *Fortnightly* has small truck with the lyric muse. It possesses its tame novelist in Mr. Mallock, and it may honour the drama by printing a sugar-comedy of Mr. J. M. Barrie. But might it not, without running to extremes, copy the example of its French contemporary and give to pure literature some of the broad pages now dedicated to housekeeping, empire, and trusts?

We have learned some particulars of the "Belles-Lettres Series," the latest American attempt to capture a large English reading public. The promoters are the firm of Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co., of Boston, New York, and Chicago, who are already well known in this country by their school books. The "Belles-Lettres" series will be semi-educational. Its purpose is to present critical conservative texts which shall become standard, and to provide these with introductions which, uniting scholarly judgment and spirited literary treatment, shall be monographs contributing to a better appreciation of their various texts. The motto of the series will be: "Literature treated for literature's sake in a literary way," and so, though the books will be in all respects fitted for use by classes or students studying English literature, the Editors will endeavour to make them equally attractive to the book-lover. The text pages will contain only the text and the variant readings or suggested changes in the text. The glossary and the notes at the end will be designed to provide briefly, without idiosyncrasies, the mere exhibition of learning, such information or illumination as may be needed. There will also be a carefully prepared bibliography. The editors have been chosen for their special knowledge of the particular text or author or period, and not solely on account of their academic distinction. The list will include Mr. Sidney Lee, Mr. Austin Dobson, the Principal of Peterhouse College, Cambridge, Mr. Wm. Archer, Prof. W. P. Trent, Prof. Albert C. Cook, Prof. F. S. Boas and others.

The late Mr. E. L. Godkin had for some years past been engaged on a work of personal reminiscences. Mr. Godkin was for many years a regular correspondent with Mr. Gladstone and with several representative men in literature and politics in this country. The volume will, we understand, be ready in the autumn.

Mr. GODKIN was a splendid type of the powerful, but comparatively unknown, journalist, and is so portrayed by Mr. William A. Linn in the *New York Times Saturday Review*. Mr. Linn served under Mr. Godkin for many years as managing editor on the *New York Evening Post*, and some of the glimpses he gives us of this powerful moulder of opinion are very interesting. Mr. Godkin cared nothing about news, and he even stigmatised as "journalism" all sensations, violations of private life, and unworthy devices to make a paper sell. His province was the editorial page, and here he was great—all the greater, too, because his strength flowered continually into humour. Mr. Linn writes:—

The humorous aspect of every question (if it had one) always seemed to present itself to him first. And how he delighted to hold it up and picture it and enjoy it. Many a morning during the brief council with his assistants of the editorial page which laid out the subjects for the day's discussion, he would work himself up into what may literally be called glee over some matter that was suggested, telling an amusing anecdote that was pertinent (his stories, if few, were always of the best), and then perhaps condensing the whole discussion into one of those sparkling editorial paragraphs which no other man ever wrote so well. Possibly nothing that was ever published about him by his sneering critics afforded him so much amusement as the story that, when his editorial council met for its daily consultation, he compelled the members to begin their work by singing "God Save the Queen." He recognised in this the concentration of the "un-Americanism" which such critics attributed to him, and he enjoyed the satire as well as if it were one of his own construction. A favourite anecdote was concerning one of his acquaintances who called on him soon after the *Nation* was started, and said: "I want to write for your paper. I know I can write well. The only trouble is I don't know what to write about." That contained, in his view, the pith of journalistic incompetence.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Godkin despised what he called the tricks of journalism, he employed one honourable device, old as the "Delenda est Carthago" of the Roman orator. He placed a high value on reiteration. Discuss a matter once and your reader will forget it, was his reasoning; keep on asserting it, and you will make converts. "With this in view, he not only kept on discussing a favourite topic, but he frequently gave an order regarding some citation from a speech, editorial, or the like. 'Let this appear every day during the campaign.' Nor was this rule confined to subjects political, as his readers will remember who recall his persistent attacks on the 'brutality' of football and on the spitting abuse." Mr. Godkin was not specially industrious, though he was tenacious; he disliked research. He was not always quite fair to opponents, but this was only because he attacked ideas with implacable vigour and incidentally hurt their upholders. He influenced millions, and went unrecognised in the street.

In the *Author*, June number, we are given these, among others, "Literary Hints for the Wealthy and Cultivated":—

A gentleman does not give his daughter a dowry of from five to fifty thousand pounds and forget to provide her with a book-case.

A gentleman does not borrow good works which he is in a position to buy.

A gentleman does not talk about the latest literature when he is acquainted only with what has been said of it by the reviewers.

A gentleman does not possess a box of carpenter's tools, but no paper-knife.

A gentleman does not make presents only of things which are entirely without intellectual value.

A gentleman does not buy only sixpenny cheap editions.

A gentleman does not depend for his reading upon the daily journals and illustrated weeklies.

All of which is true—more or less. But the list of definitions might well have included the following: "A gentleman does not preach at his neighbours by setting up arbitrary definitions of a gentleman."

The latest scheme of literary advertisement, coupled with prospective gain to readers, has been started by *Le Journal*, the best of the *sous* papers of Paris. *Le Journal* proposes to award prizes to the perspicacity of a thousand of its subscribers who shall send correct answers to a number of questions concerning the characters in the *feuilleton* now appearing in its pages, *Les Fétards de Paris*. On the back page of the journal appears an enormous examination paper headed, "What becomes of Them?" We select a few of the questions:—

LOUIS LACOURRIÈRE :

1. Combien de fois quitte-t-il Zizi?
2. Reste-t-il garçon?

MARIE :

1. Se marie-t-elle?
2. Meurt-elle au cours du roman?

CATHERINE, LIANE, GERMAINE, MARIE ET ZIZI :

1. Quelle est, de ces cinq femmes, celle qui meurt empoisonnée?

But perhaps the best concerns the future of one

GERMAINE LAJAILLE :

1. Quel sera son mari?
2. Le trompera-t-elle.

A WRITER in the *New York Bookman* has been delivering his soul on the subject of "The Queerness of Mr. Henry James." It appears, according to this rather larrikin critic, that Mr. Henry James has been gradually purging his work of everything but its dubious tendencies. "It has been a long time," he says, "since the public knew what Henry James was up to behind that verbal hedge of his, though half suspecting that he meant no good, because a style like that seemed just the place for guilty secrets. But those of us who formed the habit of him early can make him out even now, our eyes having grown so used to the deepening shadows of his later language that they can see in the dark, as you might say." The perspicacious writer then proceeds to show, apparently to his own entire satisfaction, where Mr. James is going wrong: "In a literature so well policed as ours, the position of Henry James is anomalous. He is the only writer of the day whose moral notions do not seem to matter. His dissolute and complicated Muse may say just what she pleases." The reason for this, we are told, is probably "because it would be so difficult to expose him. . . . Whatever else may be said of James, he is no tempter, and though his later novels deal only with unlawful passions, they make but chilly reading on the whole. It is a land where the vices have no bodies and the passions no blood." Then follows some robustious reasoning:

His love affairs, illicit though they be, are so stripped to their motives that they seem no more enticing than a diagram. A wraith proves faithless to her marriage vow, elopes with a bogie in a cloud of words. Six phantoms meet and dine, three male, three female, with two

thoughts apiece, and, after elaborate geometry of the heart, adultery follows like a Q. E. D. Shocking it ought to be, but yet it is not. Ghastly, tantalising, queer, but never near enough human to be either good or bad. To be a sinner, even in the books you need some carnal attributes—lungs, liver, tastes, at least a pair of legs. Even the fiends have palpable tails; wise men have so depicted them. No flesh, no frailty; that may be why our sternest moralists have licensed Henry James to write his wickedest. Whatever the moral support of these books, they may be left wide open in the nursery.

All of which is mildly amusing, but obviously not worth serious consideration.

CONCERNING *Kiartan the Icelander*, Mr. C. A. Bell writes to us: "Neither of your correspondents seem to understand the point at issue in Mr. Howard's lines:—

Stars flocking in the sky by some Great Hand
Shepherded to their wattles in the West.

Surely it is not a question of 'literary theft' but reminiscence. Whatever the association of ideas in Mr. Howard's mind, there is a singularly happy reminiscence of sound and rhythm and words even, in the two lines quoted, of Shelley (also in *Prometheus Unbound*) :—

And multitudes of dense white fleecy clouds
Were wandering in thick flocks along the mountains
Shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind.

Of course Mr. Howard's thought is original."

Bibliographical.

It is understood that in Mr. Tree's revival, next week, of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Mrs. Tree will sing the song, "Love laid his sleepless head," which Mr. Swinburne wrote for the production of the comedy at the Gaiety in 1874 5. Mr. John Hollingshead prints the song in his autobiographical volumes called *My Life-Time* (1895). It was set to music by Arthur Sullivan and sung by Miss Furtado as Anne Page. You remember the verses?

And Joy came up with the day,
And kissed Love's lips as he lay;
And the watchers, ghostly and grey,
Fled from his pillow away.

And his eyes at the dawn grew bright,
And his lips waxed ruddy as light—
Sorrow may reign for a night,
But day shall bring back delight.

Ruskin's *Hortus Inclusus*, of which Mr. George Allen has just sent out a third edition (revised), was first issued in 1887, the preface being written in June of that year. *Sesame and Lilies*, of which we are promised what seems intended to be an edition "de luxe," belongs to the year 1865. To the fifth edition (1882) the author prefixed a short statement, in the course of which he said that the book was written "while his energies were still unbroken and his temper unfretted," and that, if read in connection with *Unto This Last*, it contained "the chief truths I have endeavoured thro' all my past life to display, and which . . . I am chiefly thankful to have learned and taught." *Sesame and Lilies* is endeared to many by its enthusiastic tribute (in a footnote) to the poetic work of Coventry Patmore.

It is pleasant to note that Messrs. Hurst and Blackett think it worth their while to issue sixpenny editions of

Mrs. Craik's *A Brave Lady* and *A Noble Life*. The latter dates from 1866, and the former from 1870. *A Noble Life* has this special interest for some, that the scene—if I remember rightly—is laid on the shores of the Gareloch, West Scotland, and particularly at Roseneath, which has for many people some agreeable associations. It is interesting to find Mrs. Craik in vogue at all. She was the Edna Lyall of her day, with (if I may say so) very much more than Edna Lyall's ability. The later editions of *A Brave Lady* and *A Noble Life* appeared in 1896 at three-and-six. The two books have evidently had a steady popularity in the parlour and boudoir.

The interchange of titles between plays and novels still goes on, and grows more and more regrettable. Advertisement is now being made of stories called *The Awakening* and *The Silent Battle*—names familiar to playgoers. "The Awakening" is, as a matter of fact, the title of two separate plays. No doubt, in these days of the indiscriminate production both of drama and of story, the choice of title is not easy; but a very little trouble, judiciously undertaken, would prevent to some extent the irritating coincidences that occur.

Mr. Owen Seaman, it seems, has written an Ode to Queen Alexandra which is to be read or recited to-morrow (Saturday) evening at a performance given for the benefit of an institution in which the Queen is specially interested. Mr. Seaman is an excellent versifier, and is sure to turn out something dignified and sonorous. But one cannot help looking back to the day on which the Princess Alexandra of Denmark made her entry into London, and to the strains with which she was received by the Poet Laureate of that time—one Alfred Tennyson. Tennyson was the most exquisite of the Courtly Poets, and his "Welcome" to Alexandra had a spontaneity as well as a felicity which not even Mr. Alfred Austin could surpass. Astonishing is the measure of poetry which Tennyson put into these official, or quasi-official, utterances. There is not a single one of them from which the note of distinction is absent; they are all of them quite perfectly phrased, and none is without a memorable line. As for the "Welcome" to Alexandra, it has a buoyancy and an enthusiasm which, even now, stirs the blood of those who saw the fair lady enter London on that brilliant day in 1863. One can understand the gusto with which Thackeray wrote about the Ode in *Cornhill*: "I would respectfully liken his Highness to a giant showing a beacon torch on a 'windy headland.' His flaring torch is a pine-tree, to be sure, which nobody can wield but himself. He waves it; and four times in the midnight he shouts mightily 'Alexandra'!" Whatever happens to the "histories" of England, Queen Alexandra will have a real immortality in the verse of Tennyson.

Yet another novelist has joined the ranks of the playwrights—Mr. Richard Pryce, who is said to have collaborated with Mr. Frederick Fenn in the production of a comedy accepted at the St. James's. Mr. Pryce has been a tolerably fertile fictionist, though it cannot, perhaps, be said that he has made any very deep impression upon the public. I find him credited with tales called *An Evil Spirit*, *The Ugly Story of Miss Wetherby*, *Deck-Chair Stories*, *Miss Maxwell's Affections*, *Quiet Mrs. Fleming*, *A Just Impediment*, *Time and the Woman*, *Winifred Mount*, *The Burden of a Woman*, *Elementary Jane*, and *Jezebel*—all produced since 1887. Mr. Fenn seems to have an instinct for the stage, and we may hope the best from his partnership with Mr. Pryce.

THE BOOKMAN.

Reviews.

What is Russia?

All the Russias. By Henry Norman. (Heinemann. 18s. net.)

MR. NORMAN'S book is, formally, the record of a journey through European and Asiatic Russia, a journey confined of necessity to the railway route. But because that railway route itself traverses nigh half the Old World, and the greatest centres of Russian empire; because the man who made the journey is a man unusually acquainted with Russia and Russian affairs; because, also, he is in the best sense a cosmopolite, it results that the record of his journey is in some partial sense the answer to the vast question which he asks at the outset of his book, "What is Russia?" Let us quote part of that opening passage; both because it enforces the vastness of the question, and because it is extremely well written:—

What is Russia? The unfettered, irresponsible, limitless, absolute rule of one man over a hundred millions of his fellows—is that it? The *ikon* in the corner of every room where the language is spoken, the blue-domed basilica in every street of great cities, the long-haired priests chanting in deep bass, the pedestrian ceaselessly crossing himself, the Holy Synod, whose God-given task it is to coerce or to cajole a heathen world to orthodoxy—is that Russia? Or is it the society of the capital, speaking all languages, familiar with all literatures, practising every art, lapped in every luxury, esteeming manners more highly than morals? Or is it the vast and nearly roadless country, where settlements are to distances like fly-specks to window-panes; . . . where entire villages are the prey of disease; where seven people out of every ten can neither read nor write?

Siberia is Russia—five million square miles, in which whole countries are a quivering carpet of wild-flowers in spring, a rolling grain-field in autumn, an ice-bound waste in winter, stored full of every mineral, crossed by the longest railway in the world, and largely inhabited by a population of convicts and exiles.

Central Asia is Russia—a million and a half square miles of barren desert and irrigated oasis, the most famous cities of Asia and the greatest river, a few years ago the hotbed of Mussulman fanaticism, probably the cradle of the human race, and possibly the scene of its most fatal conflict.

It would be easier to say what is *not* Russia. In world-affairs, wherever you turn you see Russia: whenever you listen you hear her. She moves in every path; she is mining in every claim. The "creeping murmur" of the world is her footfall—the "poring dark" is her veil. To the challenge of the nations, as they speed from their borders, comes ever the same reply—

"Who goes there?"
"Russia!"

That is the "argument" (in the old poetic phrase) of Mr. Norman's book; it is the text of which his book is an expansion. It is not his first, as we hope it will not be his last. Born in England, trained in America, journalist, Member of Parliament, traveller in many lands, his career tends to that freedom from racial prejudice which peculiarly fits him for his present task. Moreover, he has a further fitness. His travels have not been the aimless roamings of the usual restless "globe-trotter," so common in England; they have been governed by a central purpose—the purpose to understand the chief foreign "questions" which press upon England, Japan and its vicinage, Egypt, Russia,—the chief countries where England touches the conflicting interests of France and, above all, the great Northern Empire—these have been his chosen scope of travel. Armed with these qualifications, he has also the pen of the trained journalist, the eye of the trained journalist; he has relations with Russian officials, notably M. de Witte, the all-powerful Minister of Finance; and the result is a book not only brim-full of knowledge and information, but written with unflagging brightness and

pictorial quality. To what most writers would leave a dry desert of statistics he gives a skilful interest by his manner of presentation. Making no pretence to be a systematic or exhaustive treatise on Russia, and for all its informal plan, it is yet a notably distinguished book among the many books on Russia, and by much the brightest of them to the general reader, with no appetite for the plum-duff of knowledge, but a readiness for what is attractive and novel. It is not the less useful or novel because Mr. Norman assimilates and shows by preference the favourable and hopeful features of Russia and Russian rule, rather than those shortcomings of which we have already had a sensational plethora. How comes such a corrupt monstrosity of a carcass to be master of half the world? we ask after reading the "revelations" to which we allude. Mr. Norman shows us how, and leaves us with a very different picture. It may be over-favourable; but there are alternatives enough, if it be.

At the outset, you get the atmosphere of the vast heather-covered plains of European Russia, with their Scotch firs, silver birch, alder, spruce, "little grey wood-shingled cottages, little scrappy patches of oats, very short in the straw and very poor in the ear"; with dabchicks afloat on their bulrushy waters, and occasional rows of peat-stacks simulating to the traveller a funeral-procession in the dreary waste. You have pictures equally keen and perceptive of Petersburg and Moscow; the mild-mannered police, the shops which attract custom by pictorial advertisements of their wares (for the peasants cannot read), the absence of "bars" and liquor shops (liquor being sold only along with food), the blue, green, white, and gold cupolas of Petersburg's great modern cathedrals, the church where Alexander II. fell, with the blood-stained soil and the very stones on which he was hurled by the assassin's bomb.

But the marrow of the book is the Siberian and Trans-Caspian railway journeys. The Siberian line itself is a marvellous feat, with its luxurious carriages, its plentiful attendance, its picturesquely stations where the buffets serve excellent meals, and its unrivalled cheapness. From Moscow to Irkutsk, 3,371 miles, the first-class charge, with all extras, is £9 2s. Moscow to Port Arthur is about £12 for the through ticket. The speed is very low; but there is abundant interest for the foreign traveller. If the country, flat, with corn-stubble, rye, and stretches of birch forest, dotted with villages of little shed-like, grey-roofed houses; further on, bulrushes and reeds of every kind, and at last Siberian cedar in place of birch and reed—if this country be monotonous, there is the picturesqueness of the varying inhabitants. The idea of Siberia as one inhospitable desert is strangely contradicted by great towns like Irkutsk, where Mr. Norman found not only large and modern public buildings, but shops that would not be amiss in Regent Street, full of civilised luxuries or requirements—for example, a large stock of the latest scientific instruments, including a most varied assortment of telephones. Schools and educational establishments exist upon an advanced scale. Of the natural resources of the country, and the bold way in which Russia is adventuring upon their cultivation, the author has more to say than we can even notice. The whole picture is an astonishing revelation of governmental enterprise; marred only by the prevalence of crime in the towns, due to the large criminal population. But it should be said that the transportation of criminals is on the point of being stopped altogether.

Of the charm of the book no quotation will convey an idea. It depends on the accumulation and succession of vivid and novel details, in page after page, as in the long and enthusiastic description of Samarcand, for example. Nor can we here do justice to its importance; for the statistics Mr. Norman sets forth and the views he propounds would require an article. Much of the book is occupied by an account of M. de Witte and his work;

by chapters on Russian finance, commerce, and industry; and on the foreign relations of Russia, particularly her relation to England. On these latter points he takes a tone favourable to Russia; and his exposition of Russian strength, prospects, and resources is glowing in the extreme. Whether his views be not over-coloured by Russian official optimism, and especially by the influence of M. de Witte, may be a question. He dismisses offhand, as scarce worth serious consideration, what he calls "student-disturbances" in Russia; though to the outside world they have seemed something more than student-disturbances. But it is none the less well, and a valuable antidote to the ordinary pessimist view, that we should be shown Russia as she appears to those who believe in her with knowledge, and that she should be shown to us with such conspicuous literary ability. One thing the book clearly establishes: that Russia has a right to assert her civilising influence in Asia, and that her administration there is vastly more than the mere military autocracy it is often assumed to be.

A Prophet of Nietzsche.

The Testament of an Empire-Builder. By John Davidson. (Grant Richards. 1s. net.)

If anyone be in doubt as to the significance of the series of "Testaments" which Mr. Davidson is poetically making in the name of various typical characters, let him read the "Parable" which prefaces this third of the series, and doubt no more. In that very well written and ironic manifesto, the author gives us to know that these are all parts of one new gospel—or at least a gospel new in poetry—which he is preaching to a reluctant and uncomprehending world. No mere psychological studies, therefore, are the "Testaments," but the gospel according to Davidson; so many masks in which he recites the various chapters of his poetic Koran—presumably for the sake of that variety which charms. And it would seem that Mr. Davidson is apprehensive the series will untimely end, because of our incurable propensity to "stone" him, under the guise of a friendly endeavour to make him out.

Truth to say, the variety gets more and more superficial. This "empire-builder" is very frankly Mr. Davidson, and only at the close, when he has done hot-gospelling, remembers (somewhat perfunctorily, despite the ingenuous turn) his supposed character. The gospel (as we gather it both from the prose "Parable" and the poem) is largely one of the fundamental function and necessity of pain in the world. But it goes further than this. It proclaims that the strong egoist alone is happy, both in this world and the next; and that his happiness is purchased by the suffering of the weak and altruistic. These were in hell here, and in hell hereafter; and the heaven of the joyful self-seekers is founded on their hell. All splendour and beauty has beneath it a skeleton of pain—the pain of others, not of that which is splendid and beautiful. And what is, that will be. It is a terrible gospel, but scarce new—though it may be new in song. For this, surely, is the gospel of Nietzsche; and it might be written, "Nietzsche is great, and Davidson is his prophet."

Here (as it seems to us) is the doctrine, not needing so very much understanding after all—in this "Testament," at least, though it might be doubtful before. But what of the poetry? In none of these "Testaments" has Mr. Davidson been so levelly strong—perhaps because the joy of battle, and of outspoken expression, has entered into him. We still lament that here, as in the preceding poems of the series, there is far too much metrical dialectic, argument in verse, which is a thing antipoetic. Poetry should proclaim, poetry is *dogmatic*; when it stoops to argue, it loses its august privilege, and becomes, at the

best, a K.C. in cloth-of-gold. But there is passage on passage of sustained power, passion, or beauty—nay, is not beauty itself a mode of passion? Such a snatch of beauty as this:—

An old known road in England near the sea.
Between its bevelled slopes a silence went,
Like a full river gliding unperturbed;
And moored upon the silence or adrift
The woodland noises floated.

Or this again:—

I seemed to pace beside an olive-brook
That slumbered in a wood: the water bore
A wandering arabesque of harvest leaves,
Crimson and saffron, ebony, burnished gold,
And in its bosom, coyly stowed away,
Fantastic shadows, odds and ends of cloud,
Sunbeams and purple patches of the sky.
Under a chestnut-tree whose candles all
Were out, and sconces broad from green to gold
Transmuted, &c.

Or for strength, take this, picked at random:—

In the Zodiac [Man's] art impaled
A constellation of perfervid stars,
Naming it Leo; and with the forgery
Of monstrous Sphinx, a lion's limbs and trunk
With eagle's pinions, and the vacant face,
And insolent bosom of his womankind.
These treacherous images, significant
With centuries of thought, adorned with dreams
And studied fancy of the nations, steeped
In infinite emotion as in a sea
That crusts with jewels sunken derelicts,
Shall be devoutly cherished as the Soul's
Beloved offspring, when the splendid name
Of Lion, standing once for actual might
Of Matter's own great origin, has ceased
To signify.

Note specially that fine image of—

The sea,
That crusts with jewels sunken derelicts.

A repellent but masterful poem, this *Testament of an Empire-Builder* shows (to our thinking) that Mr. Davidson is maturing power.

A Printed Play.

A Long Duel, a serious comedy in four acts. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. (Lane. 4s. 6d. net.)

WE have not perceived that this comedy is more "serious" than comedy in general, and we fail to see why Mrs. Clifford should have prefixed the adjective to her description of the piece, unless indeed she uses the word "comedy" in the peculiar and incorrect sense which it has acquired on the West End stage. The long duel is between Henri Carboche, the great painter and misogynist, and Lady Harlekston, who had jilted Carboche, when he was a poor struggling artist, for wealth and rank. She says to him in the final explanation: "I was false to you once—lied to you—tricked you, then too—treated you shamefully—I know it; but when I saw all that wealth could do, I was afraid to face poverty and struggle, cold and hunger perhaps, with a student whose possibilities I was not clever enough to recognise. Love was not enough." And he replies: "You had prudence beyond your years, Madame." So people talk on the West End stage, but so they do not talk in real life. It will be seen that the central situation is essentially of the theatre. The duel takes the form, first of a struggle to persuade the unapproachable and autocratic Carboche to paint his jilt's portrait, and then of the actual portrait-painting.

Vicomte: But the worst case was Rossa, the great banker—

Gaston: It was wonderful—

Vicomte: It was magnificent! But it stripped him to the soul. People had believed in Rossa, risked their every

sou at his bidding, grovelled to him, and put themselves at his mercy.

Mrs. S. : But why ?

Vicomte : Madame, he was tall and handsome, had a dominant manner, drove the best horses in Paris, and was separated from his wife ; these things tell,—especially with your sex. He paid Carbouche half a million of francs to paint him, and Carbouche laid bare every crafty quality of the financier's soul, and yet so blinded him with the glamour of genius that he allowed the picture to go to the *Salon*. People crowded round it aghast, then hurried away to get back their money. [A cynical laugh.] Two months ago Rossa's horses were sold to a circus.

This is rather clever ; in fact it is the most amusing fragment of a play which does not escape the tedious. The intricate psychology of the painting of Lady Harlekston's portrait by Carbouche is ambitious, but it scarcely convinces ; there is an insufficient imaginative force behind it, and the misunderstanding by which Carbouche is led to believe that Lord Harlekston is Lady Harlekston's husband, whereas he is her stepson and she is a widow—this misunderstanding, with the Sardouesque "preparation" of it, is really too ridiculous.

A Long Duel is by no means free from technical faults. As in many bad plays, the action does not begin till the second act, and the motive is not clear till the third. Mrs. Clifford makes the mistake of introducing, with a certain air of importance to the intrigue, characters who prove to be quite minor characters. A glaring instance of this is Mrs. Stansfield, whose entry in Act I. would deceive the most wary playgoer, and who serves no purpose save to make the number of characters even and matrimonially divisible by two at the close. The exits and entrances are sometimes clumsily managed ; the invention of the *ingénue* Gabrielle and her lover is sadly in need of originality, and the device by which the entirely conventional Vicomte de Courville is repelled from Gabrielle and cast into the arms of Mrs. Stansfield is thoroughly feeble. We do not see any satisfactory reason why the scene should have been laid in France, or why most of the characters should be French or Anglo-French. Surely the nature of the plot should account for these things. Lastly, much of the dialogue is smart with the meretricious and odious sententious smartness of the day :—

Madame B. : I fear you had a world of trouble.

Mrs. S. : Oh, yes. [With a sigh.] But things are better ; one travels quickly nowadays, through events as well as places.

Madame B. : Was your husband unkind to you ?

Mrs. S. : My dear, he delighted in—variety. He ruined himself at last, and died as a pathetic apology to his creditors.

Or this : "Women over twenty are a mistake from a matrimonial point of view ; either they have no attractions or they have had experiences. I don't want an unattractive woman, and I should like my wife to be without experiences till I supply them." French Vicomtes, and the Ouidaeque aristocrats whom our actor-managers delight to impersonate, have been emitting that and similar fatuities for forty years.

Business Wisdom.

The Empire of Business. By Andrew Carnegie. (Harpers. 10s. 6d.)

This is a disappointing book. No man living is better qualified to write of the *Empire of Business* than Mr. Carnegie, and few men, living or dead, have brought out of a business career so much that is wholly good. He has made the world familiar with his ideal of the business man, amassing a huge fortune,—or as he more modestly puts it, "almost without intention or desire" having "himself loaded with somewhat more than a competence,"—to spend it in promoting noble objects. Like Cecil Rhodes, he has shown that the man of money can be

also a man of ideas. But the ideas which take so splendid a practical form do not seem to lend themselves kindly to literary treatment. Mr. Carnegie preaches valuable sermons to the young man, but somehow Mr. Carnegie's young man does not appeal to the imagination, any more than does the young man of Samuel Smiles or Benjamin Franklin. Never get drunk ; never speculate ; never indorse. And the greatest of these is never get drunk. Don't have a rich father, "or, still more dangerous, rich mother." Such is the way of salvation. Incidentally we learn that you may propose to your employer's daughter when, but on no account until, you have made yourself indispensable to his business :—

When you are a member of the firm or before that, if you have been promoted two or three times, you will form another partnership with the loveliest of her sex,—a partnership to which our new partnership act has no application. The liability there is never limited.

Mr. Carnegie is satisfied that the business career affords a scope for the finest faculties of intellect and character, and it may be said without flattery that he has proved his position by the Q.E.D. of his own career. On the other hand :—

The artistic career is most narrowing, and produces such petty jealousies, unbounded vanities, and spitefulness, as to furnish me with a great contrast to that which I have found in men of affairs. [And] it will not be controverted that the artistic mind becomes prejudiced and narrow.

It will not be controverted by any reader of this book that Mr. Carnegie did well to eschew the life of the artist and follow the way of business. The book does not abound with the fine flowers of expression.

Washburn and Moen, and Cleveland Rolling Mills, steel wire, &c. ; Bartlett, iron founder, Baltimore ; Sloanes, also Higgins, carpets.

—so sings Mr. Carnegie of his Sophocles, Aeschylus, Homer, Herodotus, Pindar and Plato. But some of his *obiter dicta* ring true and clear enough :—

Nobody in the world desires to keep down ability. Everybody in the world has an outstretched hand for it. All pure coins have their counterfeits ; the counterfeit of business is speculation.

We are not sure of the meaning of the noun "bugaboo" or the verb "to boost" ; but we are sure they mean something vigorous, or Mr. Carnegie would not use them. He is vigour personified. He cannot abide idleness, and least of all idle young men.

For heaven's sake keep them down to dog-biscuit and work them hard.

His is a healthy philosophy. He preaches the good gospel of work ; and he has withal a generous appreciation of work unlike his own :—

Liberal education gives a man who really absorbs it higher tastes and aims than the acquisition of wealth, and a world to enjoy, into which the mere millionaire cannot enter ; to find, therefore, that it is not the best training for business is to prove its claim to a higher domain.

Common-place perhaps, but welcome words from a "mere millionaire." One is reminded of the noble simplicity of Gilead P. Beck.

Fiction.

The Catholic. (Lane. 6s.)

NEARLY eighty years have passed since the time when *Father Clement* was the friendliest fiction which a Protestant country would accept as representative of Roman Catholic sentiment for general reading. Juvenile tears fell unrebuked for the benignant priest, but the weeper had no chance of forgetting the "not there, my

child," firmly pronounced by the author as he glanced towards Holy Church. The very dispassionateness of *The Catholic* shows the alteration in the popular point of view which Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's history of fifty years of Roman Catholicism in England recently brought into strong relief. The novel is a sound and masculine performance, showing no hesitation or besetting weakness. The subject is the conversion, followed by the humble submission, of a beautiful Englishwoman of rank and fashion to the Church of Rome. Her portrait is an extremely able piece of work. She never exhibits herself in the raw, as types are wont to do, but her domineering disposition is clad in velvet, and her pride is self-conscious enough to display a certain humility. We see her keeping a vulgar sister-in-law, the legacy of a brother's mésalliance, so rigid a slave to the etiquette of marchionesses that the latter plans and accomplishes her tyrant's ejection from the family mansion. As a Roman Catholic she attempts to rule the choir in St. Peter's, and complains that the clergy do not "support" her. At last a terrible cardinal—an admirably drawn ascetic—prophesies to her face that she will one day have Holofernes and Herod for her companions. This is rather hard on a lady who has endured insult and slander on account of her vehement proselytising, but it is but the scourging which comes before the receiving of a spiritual chill; for the lady is not a Roman Catholic in the deepest sense till the faintest wish to patronise the church of her adoption is dead in her. The extraordinary discipline—more truly military in character than that of the Salvation Army—in which Holy Church keeps her members, is vividly brought out in the relations between the cardinal and a wealthy ecclesiastic as shown in these pages. The subordinate, who has built at his own expense the church he officiates in, offers not the ghost of a remonstrance to the severest official slight upon his personal dignity.

This excellent story is never stodgy and theological: it never forgets that it is a picture.

The Poet and Penelope. By L. Parry Truscott. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

We scarcely know whether our prevailing feeling, on closing this novel, is one of irritation or one merely of tolerance. Clever it undoubtedly is—hence the tolerance; but we are not sure that the author has not bartered higher gifts for the sake of cleverness—and hence the irritation. We had read quite two-thirds of his story before we found anything but cleverness in it; and cleverness, unaccompanied by any quality that distinguishes it from other people's cleverness, is apt to be monotonous. In Mr. Truscott's case, it also tends to obscurity. It is really impossible, in more than one instance, to find out what he or his puppets are talking about. They talk to one another in enigmas, they erect unnecessary barriers between one another, they invent reasons that we cannot discover for refusing to marry one another. The whole episode of the two bronze vases, for instance, which occupies quite a large portion of the book, is wrapped in such mystery that we are left quite ignorant as to why it ever came about, why it made Lord Colbeck break off his engagement with Eunice, or why, later on, it made him renew it again. Eunice is the only person in the book who talks and behaves like an ordinary rational being; and she is constantly being held up to our ridicule. The following is the conclusion of a conversation—quite a typical one; and obscure as it may appear, it would be made no clearer by our quoting the whole of it:—

"I don't think," said Miss Eunice, "that I understand quite ---" "If you understand at all," said Lord Colbeck, with great candour, "you'll be in advance of me, the Glossary notwithstanding." "Well, what is the poem about, then?" said Eunice. There was a touch of im-

patience, no more, in her manner, but there was a good deal of bewilderment. It was Lord Colbeck's turn to rebut again. "Oh, come now!" he said, smiling, and his smile when he chose could be a very winning one. "It's hardly fair to ask me, you know. Suppose you save it—for the mater."

But, as we have hinted, the end of the story redeems it from the charge of empty cleverness. The love of Penelope for the Poet, and of the Poet for Penelope, is real; and the author, in telling us the story of it, manages to infuse it with genuine human emotion. This is worth all the forced sentiment of the rest of the book; and convinces us, moreover, that Mr. Truscott is capable of better things.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

A FRIEND OF NELSON.

BY HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

A romance founded more or less upon historical facts. "Even if the bare fact of the attempt on Lord Nelson's life be known," says the author in the preface, "I do not think that any of the histories of England, or of Nelson, pretend to give an account of the details." The story opens on the 2nd of April, 1801, when the narrator was serving as master's mate on H.M.S. "Monarch." (Longmans. 6s.)

JOHN OF GERISAU.

BY JOHN OXENHAM.

"This is not a History of the Franco-German war, but the story of John of Gerisau. His story was, however, so essentially a part of the larger story at this time that it has been necessary to tell a portion of the one in order to arrive at a proper understanding of the other." In this well-written tale we learn how John of Gerisau's life was broken in two and "all the brightness and joy of it was turned to bitter ashes." (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

BREACHLEY, BLACK SHEEP.

BY LOUIS BECKE.

A story of adventure in Australia, by the author of *By Reef and Palm*. "I, William Breachley, 'Black Sheep,' was born in a small seaport town at the mouth of a tidal river, on the eastern coast of Australia, and near the boundary line dividing New South Wales and Queensland. My father was the proprietor of a saw-mill, and had a large family—six sons and two daughters." (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

MARTA.

BY PAUL GWINNE.

"As to Marta, I never could have believed that so much grace and rhythm of motion, so much eloquence of joy in living, so dainty a manipulation of those lizard slippers, and so musical a sway of the arms and waist, could have been displayed by any ordinary mortal." The characters are mainly Spanish, the story is told by a Spaniard, and Spain is the background. (Constable. 6s.)

THE BATTLE GROUND.

BY ELLEN GLASGOW.

A story of American life and the Civil War by the author of *Phases of an Inferior Planet*. There is much local colour, and negro talk. Halfway through the book we are in the midst of the war. "Then came the terrible days when the city saw McClellan sweeping towards it from the Chickahominy, when senators and clergymen gathered with the slaves to raise the breastworks, and men turned blankly to ask one another, Where is the army?" (Constable. 6s.)

